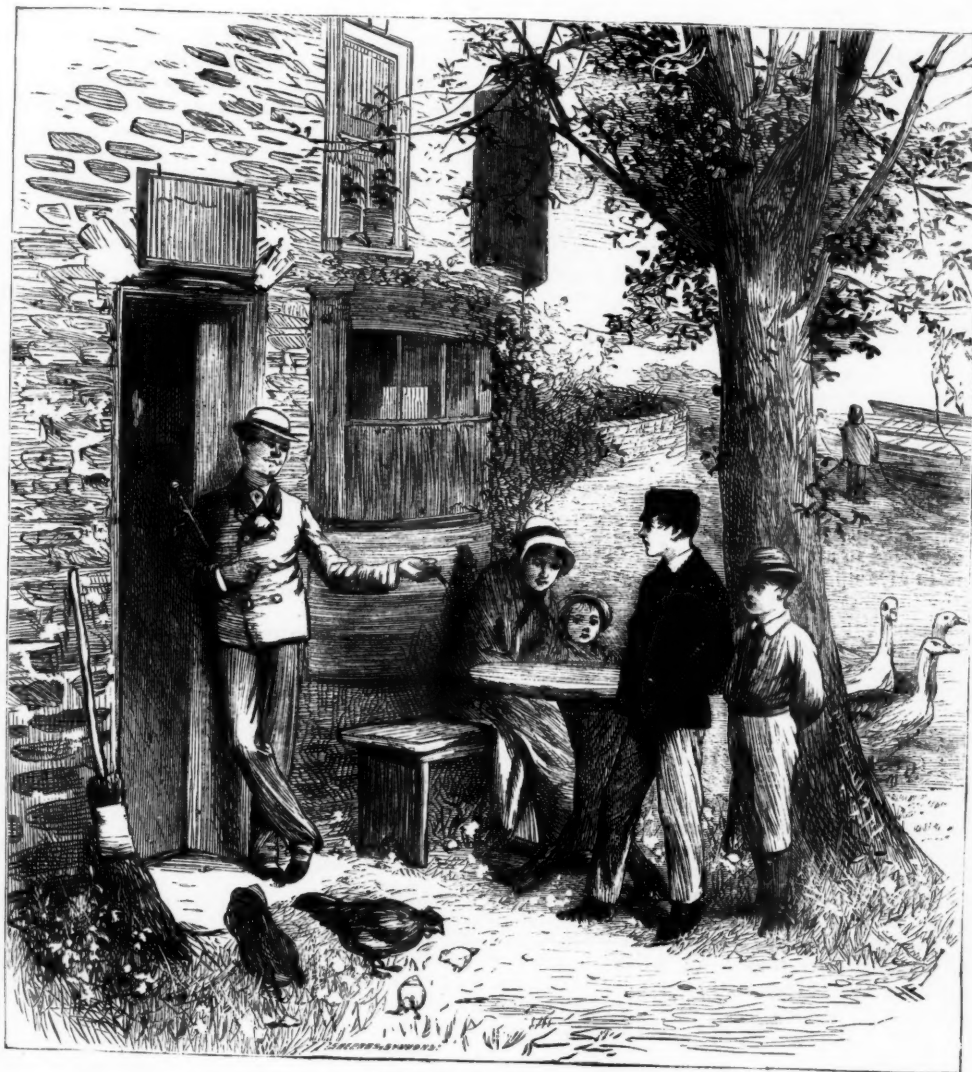


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Compter.*



MARMADUKE CHAFFIN AGAIN.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XXV.—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Well, I will smite his noddies.—*Shakespeare.*

The truth shall be thy warrant.—*Raleigh.*

TOM HOWARD had no idea that the visit he had proposed to himself to pay to Captain Broad's friends at Sandy Frith would be expected by some of them with impatience. He did not know that Mr. Haffin had made their acquaintance, and had told

them that it was likely he would come to see them at the shipyard; otherwise he would perhaps have contrived to go there earlier. The Easter holidays had come and gone, and he had entered upon his third term at Abbotscliff before a convenient opportunity occurred for him to fulfil this intention. There was a whole holiday, and, for some reason or other, the boys were not required to spend it, as usual, in the cricket-field. Holidays were not unfrequent at the college, but it was seldom that a day of complete im-

No. 1448.—SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

munity from all engagements, indoors and out of doors, occurred. The monitors, however, had the privilege of asking for one such open day in each term, and they generally chose it for some special purpose of their own, and took care to have it on a fine day, if possible.

It was a very fine day on the occasion of which we write, one of the perfect days of June, when the summer is in the charm and freshness of its youth. The clear sky seemed to vibrate overhead as the sun shone through it, without a cloud to intercept its rays, and almost without a breath of wind to moderate its force. Some monitors and "naturals" had gone on walking expeditions by twos and threes. Boys who had friends in the neighbourhood, or within easy reach by rail, went to look them up and spend the day with them. Tom resolved, as soon as he heard of the holiday, to go to Sandy Frith by the first train, and asked and obtained permission for his friend Martin to go with him.

After an exciting run among sandhills and fields within sight of the seashore nearly all the way, the train entered a cutting, and presently afterwards emerged upon a new and very different scene. A bay, sheltered by two high promontories, with a village, consisting of two or three small streets and some scattered picturesque cottages, met their view.

"That's Sandy Frith," said Tom; "this is the place, I am sure. It is like what Captain Broad said. There are the boats—Mr. Dean's boats, very likely; and here—oh, here is the station."

The walls of the station shut out the view for the moment, and interrupted his speech; but the boys were very glad to alight, and ran off at once, without waiting to give up their tickets till stopped and recalled by the porter. They started afresh then, and kept on at a brisk trot till they approached the town.

"We must ask the way to the shipyard," said Tom, breathless with pleasure and excitement.

"We shall soon find it," the other answered. "There do not seem to be many streets; it is quite a little place."

"It's a very nice place," said Tom, "and none the worse for being small."

"It will soon be bigger; they are building in two or three places; large houses too; there, and there, and there." Martin pointed as he spoke to some blocks of scaffolding, where great numbers of work-people were employed, and to smoke, which seemed to proceed from steam-engines.

"It's Chaffin," said Tom, "the contractor, you know. He told me they were going to make a watering-place of it; that is what they are doing now, no doubt. I hope they won't spoil it. Why, look there! Oh, I say! Talk of the—Dook, and he's sure to appear."

They both halted, and their countenances fell. Standing at the entrance of the Jolly Dolphin, leaning against the doorpost, with a cigar in his mouth, was their old schoolfellow, Marmaduke Chaffin! He looked two or three years older than when they had last seen him, though only a few weeks had elapsed. He was stylishly dressed, according to his idea of style—a sort of half-jockey, half-coastermonger cut, but all new, as if he had at that moment been turned out of the tailor's shop. If he had been standing before one of the great clothing emporiums of the metropolis instead of at the door of a public-house he might have been taken for one of the wax effigies which challenge the admiration of the passengers,

and which serve at once as specimens of the skill of the artist, and of the grace required in the wearer in order to do justice to their efforts. He had an elegant silver-headed cane behind him, passed under his elbows; his hair was parted in the middle, and his upperlip was in training for a moustache, and looked a shade darker than the rest of his face.

"Hullo, you fellows!" he cried, as soon as he caught sight of the two schoolboys; "where did you come from?"

They paused for a moment to look at him, and little Martin answered, "From Abbotscliff, to be sure."

"Abbotscliff! Poor little chaps!"

"You would like to be there yourself," said Tom, very indignant at this expression of affected pity, "if it were not for—" He paused.

"If it were not for what?"

"The pump and the watercresses."

"What do you mean?"

"If you meet with any of our fellows of your own size," said Tom, "they will soon inform you; so you had better look out."

Chaffin drooped visibly, and his cigar fell from his lips. "Are any of them here?" he asked—"any besides you, I mean?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. You need not be afraid this time."

"You are not telling me a lie, are you?"

Tom's eyes flashed fire, but he did not condescend to answer. It was not necessary; for Chaffin knew by his look that he had spoken the truth.

"What do you mean by 'being afraid'?" he said. "It is like your impudence to talk in that way. It would serve you right if I were to give you a good licking. But I don't want to quarrel with you; it's too much trouble. How is old Piercey, and all the rest of them? So you think I should like to be back at Abbotscliff, do you? No, thank you; I'm in business now, don't you see? I'm getting on capitally!"

"You don't seem to be very busy just now," said Martin.

"Oh, yes, I am. Do you see all those new buildings? They are all under my charge; I'm looking after them; and those workmen are all under me. I have to keep them to their work."

"And to set them a good example of industry," Tom suggested.

"Yes," Chaffin answered; "I go round every now and then and take notes. They are obliged to work when they see me."

"I wonder they don't leave off to look at you," said Tom, contemplating him from head to foot with pretended admiration.

"Ah! you may say that," said Chaffin, looking down at his boots, and then throwing his head and shoulders back, after the manner of his father. "No," he continued, "I have done with Abbotscliff, thank goodness! Piercey need not think I'm going back there."

"He would not have you at any price," said Tom; "you know that very well."

"Nonsense; he was very much annoyed, I know, when the letter came to say I was to leave at once. It served him right, though. He wanted to make out that I had told lies; but it was he that told lies, not I. He is an old brute!"

"Dr. Piercey a brute!—Dr. Piercey tell lies!" cried Tom, white with anger. "How dare you say so!"

"How dare I? Why shouldn't I? It's all stuff for him to pretend to be so particular about the truth. He did tell a lot of—"

Before he could repeat the offensive word Tom gathered himself together and sprang at the tall bully like a tiger. His fist, though a little one, was hard, and the fierceness of his indignation gave strength to his arm, so that the blow which he delivered just under Mr. Chaffin's chin was a sharp one; the cigar which had been replaced between his teeth was bitten in two, and part of it went into his throat and nearly choked him, while the doorpost against which his head was impelled with some violence, returned the blow with interest by the inevitable law of action and re-action. Chaffin, as soon as he could recover from the shock, scrambled away coughing into the house, and stood ready for instant flight in case the attack should be renewed. But Tom had no intention of renewing it; on the contrary, he was already ashamed of having given way to his passion. Not that he was afraid of Chaffin. Chaffin could have overwhelmed him with a few blows from his great fists, but the boy did not think of that. He felt that he had lowered himself by entering into a quarrel with such a fellow; and having waited before the door for a minute or two, that he might not seem to shrink from the consequences of his rash attack, he walked slowly away, the Swallow keeping close behind and looking back continually to guard his friend from a surprise.

"I am sorry I hit him," said Tom.

"I'm glad, I'm very glad," said the Swallow; "if he had hit you again I would have gone at him myself."

The little fellow looked as if he were in earnest. His eye sparkled, and his chest heaved with indignation; otherwise it would have been ridiculous to hear him speak so.

"He deserved it," said Tom; "though I don't suppose he meant to say anything very bad after all. A fellow who can tell stories himself, and think nothing of it, would not understand how much any body else would hate to be accused of such a thing."

"Well then, that will teach him," said Martin, decidedly.

As soon as they were out of sight of the Jolly Dolphin they turned towards the shore and quickened their pace to a run. The aspect of the place was very different from what Tom had been led by Captain Broad's description of it to expect.

The contractor's boast to his directors of what he could accomplish in twelve months was in a fair way to be realised. The scene along the shore reminded Tom of a picture which he had once seen in an old Roman history, representing Romulus founding the city of Rome. In half a dozen different places buildings more or less substantial were being erected. Here the foundations were laid for a row of houses, there the site of some public building was being excavated. At one end of the village a group of scaffold-poles stood out like network against the sky; at the other a cloud of smoke and steam arose from a temporary engine-house, while the sounds of sawing, hammering, and ramming disturbed the wonted tranquillity of the place, wherever they passed.

"Where is the shipyard?" Tom asked a labourer whom he met.

"You see that there iron shed," said the man; "that there's the shipyard—what's left of it."

They went towards the spot pointed out. Upon

the shed in question was a board, with the inscription, "Daniel Chaffin, Contractor. Office." By the side of it was another board, with the same name, and the addition, "No admittance except on business." Carts were coming and going with bricks, of which large quantities were already stacked in the shipyard, and on every cart was the same legend, "Daniel Chaffin, Contractor."

"These are Mr. Chaffin's horses and chariots," said Martin; "and those," pointing to the carters and hodmen—"those are his servants."

But Tom could not laugh at the old joke.

"Hold your tongue," he said; "come round this way; there is a boat upon the stocks yonder, and that is Mr. Dean's house, I suppose."

One half of the old shipyard was still applied to its old uses, and a man was at work there caulking. The house did not look so neat or cheerful as when Mr. Chaffin paid his first visit to it; the garden was overgrown with weeds, and everything was smothered with lime and dust; even here some building materials had been laid down, and more were arriving. Tom threaded his way through carts and poles and ladders and drain-pipes, and walked up the garden path to the door.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CHANGES AT THE SHIPYARD.

Whip me such honest knaves.—*Othello*.

WHILE Tom and his companion are making their way towards Mr. Dean's house, and are standing at the door waiting for it to be opened, we will cast a glance inside the dwelling.

Order does not appear to rule there any more than out of doors. The old mother no longer occupies her accustomed seat in the trim parlour, but spends the greater part of her time in a corner of the kitchen. Lucy is generally busy there with household duties, which devolve almost entirely upon her, as there is no longer any servant to assist. With all her industry she is not able to keep the place in such good order as she would like, and she goes about her work languidly, sadly, and as if she had no heart in it or courage to go at it. Joshua does what he can to help her, but he, too, seems depressed and out of sorts. Altogether there is something wrong with the place, and with those who dwell in it.

Joshua Dean is of course to blame for this; but not, perhaps, in the way and to the extent that the reader may anticipate. Mr. Chaffin's "What will you take?" has done its work, and brought a great deal of sorrow and trouble upon the shipbuilder and his home; but Joshua Dean has got the mastery once more of his unhappy propensity, and does not intend ever again to place himself within the reach of temptation if he can help it. Things have been brought to a low ebb with him; and the shipyard, with the dwelling-house in which his mother and sister have their home, are sold, beyond the power of redemption, he fears. But he intends to make an effort to recover both his position as a respectable man and his property. He will labour and strive and starve to raise a sufficient sum, if possible, to induce Mr. Chaffin to forego his bargain; and he thinks he could be happy in enduring any privations for this end if he were himself the only sufferer. But it afflicts him to see his mother deprived of her small comforts, and his sister toiling from morning till night about the house, and suffering at the same time a heart-sickness which he can understand only too well, though she never says a

word to any one upon the subject, and does her best to hide it. Captain Broad is expected home soon, and Lucy cannot, under the altered circumstances of her own and her mother's lot, look forward to his return with that joy and comfort which the event would otherwise have inspired. She knows that nothing that has happened will cause any change in Captain Broad's love for her, or in the intentions he has so long cherished, unless it be to make him, if possible, kinder and more devoted than before; but she has decided, nevertheless, that she must give up all thoughts of marriage at present, and that her suitor must be at liberty to leave her altogether if he will; that the engagement between them had better, in point of fact, be broken off.

And yet she has in her possession, in her bosom, a letter from the captain full of the most delightful plans and proposals, a letter which would have caused her heart to leap for joy if it had come at any other time or under any other circumstances. He was always thinking of her, he said; always afraid that something might occur to separate them as they had never been separated yet. Distance was nothing, as long as their hearts were one. A rolling ocean, half the world, between them would be nothing when they should be joined together by bonds which were beyond the power of man to put asunder; but he could not be easy or happy leaving her again and again, uncertain what might happen. This was the nearest hint he gave to that failing to which, as he well knew, her brother, her only natural protector, was liable. He had known it before he left home, for it had even then been a matter of notoriety; but Joshua was supposed to have got the better of it, and had done so for a time. A rumour of his having gone back again to his old excesses had reached him in India, but he made no reference to that in his letter. The object of that letter was to urge his darling Lucy to fix an early day for their marriage, and to be ready for him as soon as he should return from his voyage. She need not leave her mother—that was not to be thought of. She might remain in her brother's house if she wished it; it would perhaps be better for them all that she should do so; but he begged and hoped and trusted that the marriage might not be postponed.

And to this earnest, affectionate letter, which she had shown to no one, Lucy felt that she must answer "No." She did not think that she could even give her reasons for a refusal. Captain Broad would perhaps guess them, or he might be too much offended to trouble himself about them, though that was not likely. The only thing that she was sure about at present was that she could not marry him now, and that it was not unlikely she might never marry him at all. Of course, her brother Joshua was the chief cause of this decision on her part. He had sold his house and land. The shipyard had ceased to belong to him, and he had not succeeded in procuring another site for carrying on his business. The small sum of money which he had received in the sale of his property was, part of it, gone to pay debts or in other ways. Mr. Chaffin had persuaded him to accept bonds, or shares, in the Sandy Frith Company for the bulk of the purchase money, and these were still in his possession, but brought in no return; they would be very valuable by-and-by he was told, and he must on no account part with them. He could not have done that if he had wished it ever so warmly, for there was no market for them. Meantime he had

to pay rent for the house and yard. Lucy Dean was entitled to a small sum of money under her father's will, but this had remained in her brother's hands, "in the business," as it was said; he had paid her interest for it, and continued to do so, but there was no certainty that he would ever be able to pay the principal. Her mother was, according to the same will, to occupy the house as long as she should live, and her son was to provide for her out of the profits of the business. A great deal was expected from the business, and the business would have been quite equal to all requirements if it had been properly carried on; but under existing circumstances it was quite possible, as Lucy felt, that they might all be turned out of house and home, and that her mother might be left dependent upon her even for the necessities of existence. She did not doubt that she should be able to earn enough to keep them both, whatever her brother might do; but she was firmly resolved not to impose such a burthen upon a husband.

Mr. Chaffin, it will be seen, had not kept strictly to the terms of his bargain with Joshua Dean. Mr. Chaffin considered himself a very fair dealing and honourable character in all business matters. There was not a more straightforward man in England than himself, according to his own opinion. He had never broken a contract, never taken an unfair advantage of any one with whom he had engagements. "I like to have everything in black and white," he used to say; "and then we know where we are." To do him justice, he kept to the black and white fairly enough; but conditions implied, and not included in the written agreement, were apt to be forgotten. Thus, although he had told Dean that he would not turn him out of the shipyard or cottage, he looked upon him as a yearly tenant, and gave him to understand that of course he could not expect to keep it for ever, as if the place were his own. He wanted first a corner of the land for his office; then a bit more for his "plant;" and at length taking offence at something that he had said or done, threatened him with notice to quit next quarter-day.

"Circumstances altered cases," he said; the only thing that could not be altered according to Mr. Chaffin's idea was a written deed or covenant, with a proper stamp upon it. Everything beyond that was of the nature of temporary arrangements, and might be modified as occasion required. Half the shipyard was occupied already by Mr. Chaffin's "plant," and there was no knowing how soon circumstances would render it necessary for him to occupy the rest. Joshua Dean never received a letter by post without a painful apprehension that it might be from Mr. Chaffin with a notice to quit; nor ever heard a knock at the front door without a fear that the contractor was come in person to impose some new demand. He loathed the sight of Mr. Chaffin, and could scarcely trust himself to speak to him when he met him in the street, regarding him as the chief cause of his unhappiness and of his moral degradation.

Thus it happened that while Tom Howard plied the knocker at the green door, wondering why no one came to open it, Joshua Dean was hurriedly putting on his coat with the intention of slipping away; and when at length Lucy appeared, the two boys could not help being struck with the unpleasant expression of her countenance. The anxious look and the incipient frown passed away when the boy told her who he was and why he had come; and she

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invited him and his companion to come in, though still not very cordially, as they both thought.

"I wish you had come last summer," Lucy said. "I looked for you then."

"Did Captain Broad write to say I was coming?" Tom asked.

"He did mention your name, but we heard of you before that. A person of the name of Chaffin told us about you; a great friend of yours, he said he was." Lucy remembered that first visit of Mr. Chaffin only too well. She had been so glad then to see him, and to hear, though only at second-hand, some tidings of the captain. She had expected Tom's visit daily, and had planned a pleasant entertainment for him. But now she could not help associating him with Chaffin. Tom explained that he knew little or nothing of Chaffin, and declined altogether to acknowledge him as his intimate friend.

"He said you told him to call," Lucy remarked.

"Then he said what was not true," said Tom; "but it does not signify."

Lucy thought it did signify very much indeed. If they had never made Mr. Chaffin's acquaintance they might have been still prosperous and happy. But she would not say a word about that to her young visitors. Joshua came in as soon as he found that nobody more formidable than the two boys were there, and he and they soon became very friendly. Tom told all he knew about the ship Neptune, and his short trip with Captain Broad, and Lucy's heart warmed towards him.

"Are you fond of the sea?" Joshua asked.

"I should think I am," said Tom. "I would rather be a sailor than anything else in the world. Have you got any boats?"

"I have one boat," said Joshua; "would you like to see it? You can have a sail in it if you like. I can spare time to-day. Have something to eat first, and then I'll take you out."

Joshua said this to please his sister; he thought she would like him to be kind to Captain Broad's young friend; and he was very anxious to consult her wishes in trifles since he was conscious of having done her an injury in greater things. It need scarcely be said that Tom responded to his proposal with great joy. A cruise on the sea! It was the very thing he had been hoping for, yet scarcely daring to expect. They swallowed a hasty meal, and went out into the shipyard. The man who was at work there left his task to accompany them, for the "boat" was a good sized fishing smack, and required two hands at least to manage her, and they hastened down to the beach. Tom clambered over the side without much difficulty; Martin was lifted in; Dean followed. The other man, whose name was Bowley, put his back to the boat, and with the assistance of two or three others, who were loitering about, got her into the water. Then, with a vigorous shove, she glided down the shore, Bowley leaping in, wet up to his knees, at the last moment; sail was set, and they stood out gaily, with a light breeze from the land.

VISIT TO JUAN FERNANDEZ.

AMONG the many places of interest visited by the Challenger during its voyage of scientific exploration, one of the most attractive for general readers is the famous island associated with "Robinson Crusoe." Mr. Moseley, the Naturalist of the Expedition,* has given a valuable report of the present state of the island, and of its natural features.

It was with the liveliest interest that we approached the scene of Alexander Selkirk's life of seclusion and hardship, and an island with the existence of which, in the case of most of us, the very fact that we were at sea on a long voyage was more or less distinctly connected. The study of Robinson Crusoe certainly first gave me a desire to go to sea, and "Darwin's Journal" settled the matter. Defoe was obliged to lay the scene of his romance in the West Indies in order to bring in the Carib man, Friday. He thus gained the parrot, but he lost the sea-elephants and fur-seals of Juan Fernandez, one of the latter of which would have made a capital pet for Crusoe.

The island is most beautiful in appearance. The dark basaltic cliffs contrast with the bright yellow-green of the abundant verdure, and the island terminates in fantastic peaks, which rise to a height of about three thousand feet. Especially conspicuous is a precipitous mass which backs the view from the

anchorage at Cumberland Bay, and which is called from its form, "El Yunque" (the anvil).

There are upwards of twenty-four species of ferns growing in this small island, and in any general view the ferns form a large proportion of the main mass of vegetation. Amongst them are two tree-ferns, one of which I only saw amongst the rocks in the distance, but could not reach. The preponderant ferns—especially the tree-ferns—give a pleasant yellow tinge to the general foliage. Curiously enough, the almost cosmopolitan common brake fern (*Pteris aquilina*) does not occur in the island. Four species of the ferns out of the twenty-four present are peculiar to the island; and one (*Thyrsopteris elegans*) is of a genus which occurs only here. The appearance of this fern is very remarkable, for the cup-shaped sori hang down from the fronds in masses, looking just like bunches of millet-seed.

Everywhere, for the first few hundred feet, trees are absent, the wood having been all felled. In 1830 a large quantity of dry old sandal-wood still remained in the valleys; but even then there were no growing sandal-wood trees remaining.* No doubt the general appearance of the vegetation is very different now from what it was when the island was first visited.

I landed and climbed with a guide a steep path

* "Notes by a Naturalist on the Challenger." By H. N. Moseley, F.R.S. Macmillan & Co.

* "Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H.M.S. Adventure and Beagle," vol. i. p. 302. London, 1839. Visit of Captain King, H.M.S. Adventure, accompanied by Signor Bertero, the Botanist, Feb. 1833.

leading directly up from the bay to Selkirk's monument. The island is rented from the Chilean Government as a farm by a Chilean, who employs a number of labourers and rears cattle, and grows vegetables, doing a very fair trade with passing vessels, the crews of which, like our own, after a voyage from such a port as Tahiti, long for a little wholesome fresh food. A considerable sum is also realised by the sale of the skins of the fur-seals. Close to the farmhouse at the bay still remain a row of old caves dug out in the hill-side by the buccaneers.

In ascending the path, the first tree was met with at about seven hundred feet altitude; all below had been cut down. We passed through a hollow, overgrown by a dense growth of the gigantic rhubarb-like *Gunnera chilensis*. Darwin remarked on the large size of the leaves of this plant and height of its stalks, as seen by him in Chile.* The stalks of the plants he saw were not much more than a yard in height. In this hollow the stalks must have been seven feet in height. We walked through a narrow passage cut in a thicket of them, with the huge circular leaves above our heads. The leaves catch and hold a large quantity of rain-water. The size attained by the *Gunnera* varies with its situation. In many places the leaves are very conspicuous on the hill-slopes, crowding closely as an undergrowth, and not rising high above the ground.

It was now spring in Juan Fernandez, as at Tahiti. Most excellent strawberries grow wild about the lower slopes of the island, and especially well on banks beneath the cliffs close to the sea-shore. The strawberries are large and fine, but white in colour, being, I believe, a Spanish cultivated variety. If so, they have not at all reverted to the parent wild form, either in colour or size; a few only were just beginning to ripen.

At this time of the year the foliage of the myrtles, though evergreen, looks half dead, and these trees thus show out conspicuously amongst the rest. Here and there examples of the magnoliaceous tree "winter's bark" (*Drymis winteri*), a tree common in the Straits of Magellan, were covered with showy white flowers, and large patches of a small species of dock (*Rumex*) in full flower showed out red amongst the general green, whilst a white-flowered Iris, growing socially, formed well-marked patches of white. A tall bignonaceous shrub, which was very common, was covered with dark blue tubular flowers.

Hovering over the flowering bushes and trees were everywhere to be seen two species of humming-birds, one of which (*Eustephanus Fernandezensis*) is peculiar to the island, whilst the other (*E. galeritus*) of the same genus occurs also on the main land. A further closely-allied but peculiar species occurs in the island named by the Spaniards "Mas-afuera," or farther out, because it lies ninety miles to the westward of Juan Fernandez, and so much farther from the Chilean coast.

The humming-birds were extremely abundant, hovering in every bush. In the species peculiar to the island of Juan Fernandez the male is very different in plumage from the female, being of a chocolate colour, with an iridescent golden-brown patch on the head, whilst the female is green. So different are the two sexes that they were formerly supposed to represent two distinct species, as has happened in the case of so many other birds. This endemic

humming-bird seemed more abundant than the continental one. Any number of specimens might have been shot.

In skinning some of the birds which I killed, I noticed that the feathers at the base of the bill and on the front of the head were clogged and coloured yellow with pollen. The birds, no doubt, in common with other species of humming-birds and other flower-frequenting birds, such as the *Myzomelidae*, are active agents in the fertilisation of plants. I noticed, as has been already mentioned, pollen attached in a similar manner to a bird at Cape York.* Mr. Wallace concludes that the presence of these birds, as fertilisers, accounts for the abundance of conspicuous flowers in Juan Fernandez.

There are very few insects in the island, according to the observations of Mr. E. C. Reed, and only one very minute species of bee. Flies, of which there are twenty species, form the most prominent feature of the entomology of the island. Some fertilisers, either insects or birds, must act on a very comprehensive and effectual scale all over the island, as follows from the abundance of fruit yielded by various introduced plants.

Strawberries, cherries, peaches, apples, and figs bear well—strawberries and peaches, at all events, very abundantly. The wild peaches are spreading everywhere. These, the cherries and the apples, are possibly fertilised by the birds, but one would hardly suppose that the strawberries would be also thus pollenised, though at a height of 9,000 feet in the Andes I have watched humming-birds—possibly the same species as that at Juan Fernandez—hovering over the low mountain flowers quite close to the ground, where nothing like a bush was growing.

It would be very interesting, if it proved to be the case, that humming-birds have in this distant island adapted themselves to the fertilisation of our common garden-fruits. Besides the fruit-trees, there are many introduced plants, with well-developed flowers, which thrive in the island. A thistle is very abundant and luxuriant, as if eager to remind travellers to what race the world owes the immortal Selkirk, and a wild turnip is rapidly spreading. Possibly the abundant flies take some share in the fertilising work.

It must be remembered, with regard to insular floras, that a plant which had developed showy flowers to attract certain insects on some main land or other place where insects were abundant, might, when transferred to an island devoid of insects suitable to its requirements, nevertheless retain its gaudy flowers, little or not at all impaired, for an indefinite period, just as animals which have taken to deep-sea life have, some of them, retained their colours, though living in the dark.

Selkirk's monument is placed on the crest of a short, sharp ridge in a gap in the mountains, at a height of about 1,800 feet above the sea. From this a steep descent leads down on either side to the shore. Here Selkirk sat and watched the sea on both sides of the island in long-deferred hope of sighting a sail.

Here we rested for some time, enjoying the view. Juan Fernandez is only ten miles in length and twenty square miles in area; and from this elevated point nearly the whole extent of the island could be overlooked. Yet this tiny spot of land contains birds,

* C. Darwin, "Journal of Researches," p. 279.

* A. R. Wallace, "Tropical Nature," pp. 270, 271.

land-shells, trees, and ferns which occur nowhere else in the vast expanse of the universe but here or in the neighbouring Mas-afuera. One could almost count the number of trees of the endemic palm (*Cerozylon Australe*) and estimate the number of pairs of the endemic humming-bird existent, at a bird for every bush. Two of the species of land birds, and all the twenty species of land-shells of the island, are endemic.

The temperature at the monument at 11 a.m. was 65° Fah. A small bat, possibly disturbed by the sound of the gun, was seen to fly past. The common sow-thistle (*Sonchus oleraceus*), the ubiquitous weed, has climbed up the pass and grows by the monument. The endemic palm has been almost exterminated, excepting in nearly inaccessible places, as on a rock above the monument, where a group of the trees can be seen but not reached.

The terminal shoot of the palm, especially when cut just before the tree flowers, is excellent to eat, the developing leaf mass being quite white, and tasting something like a fresh filbert. It seemed to me more delicate than that of the shoot of the coconut. The guide knew where there was a tree remaining in the woods, not far above sea-level, and I went with him to it hoping to find it in flower. As it was not, I cut it down for eating, for the guide was only waiting to let it develop further before felling it for that purpose himself. A few seedling palms grew near by. Palms of the same genus occur in the tropical Andes.

Most remarkable in appearance amongst the composite endemic trees are the species of the genus *Dendroseris*, allied to our chicory. The specimens which I saw in flower were rather large straggling shrubs than trees, but with thick woody stems and branches from ten to fifteen feet in height. The leaves are very like those of a dandelion in appearance, and the stem, which, when split open, has a curiously jointed pith, has just the smell of a dandelion root, and would no doubt yield chicory. It pours out, like the dandelion and allied plants, a milky juice when cut.

The flesh of the wild goats of the island is most excellent eating, no doubt because of the abundance of the feed. In some parts of the island, especially to the south-west, there are open stretches covered with long grass. Pigeons (*Columba aenas*), which are said to have been imported into the island, are common and feed on the hill-sides in flocks.

Fish are very abundant and easily caught, as are also rock-lobsters (*Palinurus frontalis*), which are very large, and especially good to eat. More than sixty were caught by means of a baited hoop-net put over the ship's side at the anchorage, and hauled up at short intervals. The meat of the tails of these lobsters is dried at the island for export to Chile.*

* For accounts of the island in old times, see "Anson's Voyage." Account given by Captain Woods Rogers. Funnel's (mate to Dampier) Voyage. London, 1707. Shelvocke's "Voyage of the Speedwell, 1719-1722." London, 1726,—and many others.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XI.—AT DINNER WITH DOCTOR SARRASIN.

TOWARDS the end of the 13th of September, although it wanted but a few hours to the time fixed on by Professor Schultz for the destruction of Frankville, neither the governor nor a single person among the inhabitants ever dreamed of the danger which threatened them.

Seven o'clock in the evening arrived.

Half buried in thick masses of oleander and tamarinds, the beautiful city lay at the foot of the Cascade Mountains, its marble quays gently caressed by the waves of the Pacific. The carefully watered roads, freshened by the breeze, presented a cheerful and animated spectacle. The trees which shaded them rustled softly. The velvet lawns were fresh and green. Brilliant beds of flowers exhaled their sweetness around the calm and smiling white houses. The air was warm and balmy, and the sky as blue as the sea, which glittered at the end of the long avenues.

A stranger arriving in the town would have been at once struck with the healthful look of the inhabitants and the activity in the streets. The academies of painting, music, and sculpture, and the library, all in the same quarter, had just been closed. Excellent public courses were given there to small sections, so that each pupil might get the full advantage of the lesson. Among the crowd issuing from these places, and naturally causing some stoppage, not an exclamation of impatience, nor an angry look, was heard or seen. The general aspect was one of calmness and satisfaction.

Not in the centre of the town, but on the shores of the Pacific, had Doctor Sarrasin built his house. It had been among the first put up, and he had come immediately and established himself there with his wife and daughter Jeannette.

Octavius, the extempore millionaire, had chosen to remain in Paris; but he had no longer Max for a mentor.

The two friends had almost lost sight of each other since the time when they lived together in King of Sicily Street.

When the doctor emigrated with his wife and daughter to the coast of Oregon, Otto was his own master. He soon neglected college, where his father had wished him to continue his studies, and was in consequence plucked in the last examination, when his friend came out first.

Till then, poor Otto, who was incapable of managing for himself, had had Max for a guide. When the young Alsacian left, his companion directly began to see life in Paris. He passed the greater part of his time on the box of a four-in-hand coach, driving perpetually between the avenue Marigny, where he had rooms, and the various racecourses of the suburbs.

Otto Sarrasin, who, three months before, could scarcely manage to stick on a horse hired by the hour, had suddenly become deeply versed in the mysteries of hippology. His erudition was borrowed from an English groom who had entered his service,

and who ruled him entirely, in consequence of the superiority of his special knowledge.

Interviews with tailors, saddlers, and bootmakers, occupied the mornings. His evenings were spent at the theatres and in the rooms of a flaming new club, just opened at the corner of Trenchet Street, and chosen by Otto because the people he met there paid to his money a homage which his personal merits had not hitherto received.

The company seemed to him highly distinguished.

A noticeable thing about it was that the handsomely framed list, hanging in the waiting-room, bore few but foreign names. Titles abounded, so that you might almost fancy yourself in the ante-chamber of an heraldic college. But on penetrating farther one might imagine oneself in a living ethnological exhibition. All the big noses and bilious complexions of the two hemispheres seemed to have met together there.

Otto Sarraasin reigned paramount among these worthies. His words were quoted, his cravats copied, his opinions accepted as articles of faith. And intoxicated with this incense of flattery, he never found out that he regularly lost money at play and the races. Perhaps certain members of the club, in their Oriental capacity, thought that they had some rights on the Begum's heritage. At any rate, they were able to gradually draw it into their pockets by a slow though continued process.

In this new life the ties which bound Otto to Max Bruckmann were soon loosened. At last, the two chums only exchanged letters at long intervals. What could there be in common between the eager hard-working man, solely occupied with bringing his intellect to the highest point of culture and strength, and the idle youth, puffed up with his riches, his thoughts only filled with club and stable gossip?

We know how Max left Paris, first to keep a watch on Herr Shultz, who had just founded Stahlstadt, the rival to Frankville, and then actually to enter the service of the King of Steel.

For two years Otto led his useless and dissipated life. Then a weariness of these hollow and worthless pleasures seized him, and one fine day, after having wasted some millions of francs, he rejoined his father, thus escaping from moral and physical ruin. At the present time he was living in the doctor's house in Frankville.

His sister Jeannette was now a lovely girl of nineteen, to whose French grace her four years' stay in the new country had added all the good American qualities. Her mother said sometimes that before having her so completely to herself, she had never felt the charm of perfect intimacy.

As to Madame Sarraasin, since the return of her prodigal son, the child of her hopes, she was as completely happy as any one can be here below, for she associated herself with all the good her husband could and did do with his immense fortune.

On the evening of which we have spoken, Doctor Sarraasin had invited to dinner two of his most intimate friends, Colonel Hendon, an old hero of the War of Secession, who had left an arm at Pittsburg, and an ear at Sevenoaks, but who could hold his own with any one at a game of chess; and Monsieur Lentz, General Director of Instruction in the new city.

The conversation turned on the plans for the administration of the town, the results already obtained in the public establishments of all sorts, institutions, hospitals, mutual aid societies.

M. Lentz, according to the doctor's programme, in which religious teaching was not forgotten, had founded several elementary schools, where the cares of the master tended to develop the mind of the child by submitting it to a sort of intellectual gymnastic exercise, adjusted so as to follow the natural bent of its faculties. It was taught to love a science before being crammed with it, avoiding that knowledge which, says Montaigne, "floats on the surface of the brain," without penetrating the understanding, or rendering its possessor either wiser or better. Later, a well-prepared



FRANKVILLE.

intellect can of itself choose its path and follow it with profit.

The principles of health took a first place in this well-ordered education. Man should have equal command both of his mind and body. If one fails him he suffers for it, and the mind, if unsupported by the body, would soon give way.

Frankville had now reached the highest degree of intellectual as well as temporal prosperity. In its congress were collected all the illustrious and learned men of the two worlds. Artists, painters, sculptors, musicians, attracted by the reputation of this city, crowded to it. All the young people of Frankville, who promised some day to illuminate this corner of America, studied under these masters. This new Athens of French origin was on the way to become the first of cities. A good military as well as civil education was given in the colleges. All the young men were taught the use of firearms, as well as the first principles of strategy and tactics.

When this became the subject of conversation, Colonel Hendon declared himself delighted with all his recruits. "They are," said he, "already accustomed to forced marches, fatigue, and all kinds of manly exercises. Our army is composed of citizens, and when the time comes to prove them, they will be found trustworthy soldiers."

Frankville was on the best terms with all the neighbouring States, for she had seized every occasion to oblige them; but ingratitude speaks so loudly when people's own interests are in question, that the doctor and his friends resolved to rely on their own exertions.

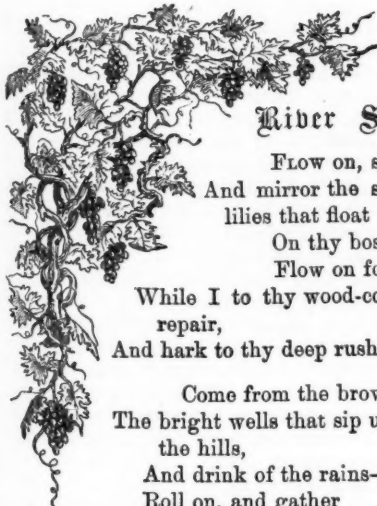
Dinner was over, the dessert was on the table, and, according to the usual custom, the ladies had just left the room.

Dr. Sarrasin, Otto, Colonel Hendon, and M. Lentz continued the conversation, and were attacking the higher questions of political economy, when a servant entered and handed the doctor his paper.

It was the "New York Herald." This well-known journal had always shown itself extremely favourable, first to the foundation, and then to the development of Frankville, and the principals of the city were accustomed to look in its columns for the possible variations of public opinion with regard to them in the United States. This agglomeration of happy, free, and independent people on their little neutral territory was envied by not a few, and if Frankville had many friends in America to defend her, she had also enemies who delighted in attacking her. At any rate, the "New York Herald" was on their side, and constantly expressed itself in terms of admiration.

Without interrupting himself in what he was saying, Doctor Sarrasin opened the paper, and mechanically cast his eyes on the first paragraph. Suddenly he stopped confounded, as he saw the following lines, which he read to himself, and then aloud, to the great surprise and greater indignation of his friends:

"New York, September 8th.—A violent attempt against the rights of men is shortly to take place. We learn from a certain source that formidable preparations are being made at Stahlstadt, with the object of attacking and destroying Frankville, the city of French origin. We do not know if the United States can or ought to interfere in this struggle, which will set the Latin and Saxon races by the ears; but, in common with all honest men, we denounce this odious abuse of strength. Frankville should not lose an hour in putting herself in a state of defence."



River Song.

Flow on, shining river,
And mirror the swans and the
lilies that float

On thy bosom so fair—
Flow on for ever;

While I to thy wood-covered margin
repair,
And hark to thy deep rushing note.

Come from the brown heather,
The bright wells that sip up the dews on
the hills,
And drink of the rains—
Roll on, and gather

The songs of the streams that rejoice in the plains,
The laughter of crystalline rills.

Come from the green gloaming,
The sweet-scented forest of beech and of pine,
And ripple and flow,
Round the land roaming;
And sparkle and gleam in the sunbeams, and go
To mingle thy sweet with the brine.

J. HUIE.

Lilies.

Down in the densest shade
That matted boughs have made,
The lilies float upon the reedy stream;
Amid the deepest gloom
They show their pearly bloom,
Lighting the darkness with a silver gleam.

No other light is seen,
No sun-shaft bright and keen
Now breaks the shadow of these silent bowers;
A dim mysterious place,
Its only touch of grace
Is the white glory of its stainless flowers.

Oh, ye who come and dream
Beside the gliding stream,
Bringing your maiden beauty to the spot,
God made you fair and bright
That ye might be the light
Of life's dark places where the sun shines not.

Tender and sweet and pure,
Your patient souls endure
The darkness, sad and still, of sunless hours;
Earth's dreary shades ye bless
With your white loveliness,
God's gracious light-bearers, life's human flowers!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS AND SOCIAL PIONEERINGS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED."

CHAPTER IX.—UTOPIAN EXPERIMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

MANY years ago a sad-looking traveller made his appearance in one of the branch settlements of the Omeida community, to gain information about its constitution. He received the sobriquet of "the Old Mortality of Socialism" from Mr. Noyes, because "he made it his melancholy business to wander from grave to grave, patiently deciphering the epitaphs of defunct Phalanxes." He was a Scotchman, and had been a follower of Owen in his early days. Made a wiser and a sadder man by experience, he resolved to write a work on Extinct Communisms, which was never published; but he tells us in the preface of his ms. what was his object in doing so. "At one time, sanguine in anticipating brilliant results from Communism, I imagined mankind better than they are, and that they would speedily practise those principles which I considered so true. But the experience of years is now upon me; I have mingled with 'the world,' seen *stern reality*, and now am anxious to do as much as in me lies to make known to the many thousands who look for a 'better state' than this on earth as well as in heaven, the amount of the labours which have been, and are now being, performed in this country to realise that 'better state.'" He determined to write a book "to waken dreamers, to guide lost wanderers, to convince sceptics, to re-assure the hopeful." He only succeeded to gather valuable materials, which have been incorporated with "Noyes's History of American Socialisms," and as such form the basis of the present paper. Some of our more sanguine readers will probably be impressed with the same feelings as was Macdonald when brought face to face with the facts of these Utopian experiments, and this sadness may be toned down to a deeper hue still as they compare the results of these experiments with the great expectations of those who engaged in them, when the ideals are contrasted with the realities, and the hopes with the performances. But those who wish to have a complete and correct view, so as to form a well-balanced judgment on the subject, must follow us to the bitter end in these our inquiries into the nature of Utopias theoretical and practical.

We have already alluded to the disappointing character of the Icarian Commune, founded by Cabot,* and the unfortunate pioneerings to which his voyage to Icaria gave rise. We must now address ourselves to the two groups of Owenite and Fourierist attempts of a similar nature in America, together with some minor attempts, independent of these two, and so, in a rapid sketch, present our readers with those latest efforts of social regeneration, before we bid adieu to Utopian experiments, to give a short account of more practical social pioneerings in co-operation, and so conclude the series.

We have already given a full account of Owen's remarkable career as a social reformer,† but have mainly dwelt on his work in Europe. We must now speak briefly of the Owenite movement and its pendants in America, which began in 1824, and reached its height in 1826, but occupies altogether a

short though eventful period in the history of Communist experiments.

The followers of Rapp had prepared the way for Robert Owen, and it is from them, as we saw in a previous paper, that he bought "New Harmony" in Indiana, to be converted into a home for his own community, which, however, differed radically from the earlier occupiers in one point, namely the rigorous exclusion of every positive form of religion. The "industrious and well-disposed of all nations" were invited by Owen to New Harmony. In six weeks a population of 800 persons had been drawn together on the banks of the Wabash, and a few months later they numbered 1,000; but among them it is allowed there were a good many "black sheep, . . . a proportion of needy and idle persons, who crowded in to avail themselves of Mr. Owen's liberal offer; and . . . did their share of work more in the line of *destruction than construction*." The number and nature of changing constitutions which succeeded one another in marvellous rapidity show the instability of the undertaking. The settlement begins as a "Preliminary Society," but is soon converted into a "Community of Equality," whilst the government passes from the hands of the executive council into Robert Owen's sole management. Presently this mode of imperialistic government leads to discontent and disintegration, and the community breaks up into several separate societies. Owen makes his celebrated declaration of mental independence, which abjures ancient ideas of private property, and marriage founded on it, and all "irrational systems of religion." The result is a new constitution, which abolishes all officers and elects three dictators to conduct the affairs of the society. Then a month later a new plan is proposed for the "Amelioration of the society, to improve the condition of the people, and make them more contented." Owen, with four joint-rulers, heads the movement. A sifting process takes place among the people; there is an appearance of order and increased happiness; but there is also with it a general tendency to return to the "old style," and people settle down here and there to follow their calling in the ordinary way, the principle of absolute Communism is abandoned, and "Individual Sovereignty" resumes its place. Great had been the expectations of Owen on starting the community. "Our principles," he had said, "will, I trust, spread from community to community, from state to state, from continent to continent, until this system and these *truths* shall overshadow the whole earth, shedding fragrance and abundance, intelligence and happiness, upon all the sons of men." But how different the result! Three years after its establishment we hear of the general break-up of the New Harmony, which in the meantime had become a new discord, and the same happened to other similar societies, which all died a premature death, founded as they had been on a total misapprehension of human nature.

The disinterested industry, and the disappearance of self-seeking in the acquirement of exclusive property, of which Owen had dreamed, were not to be found among the thousand democrats whom he had

* See "Lelsure Hour," 1873, p. 602, *et seq.*

† See "Lelsure Hour," 1873, p. 524, *et seq.*

collected around him, and whom no religious bond held together. They had taken possession of the 30,000 acres of land and the ready-made village bought from the Rappists, but being little better than a rough set of adventurers they possessed none of the virtues of endurance, energy, and frugal self-devotion, which are required to make a social scheme of this kind moderately successful. The absence of unanimity of counsel among such a heterogeneous body, and the unwillingness to obey constituted authorities, speedily gave the deathblow to the Utopian experiment.

The following extract, describing the gradual decline of one of the more promising settlements founded by Owen, called the Yellow Springs Community, may serve as a type of all the eleven which owed their origin to that strange philanthropist in Indiana and New York, in Ohio, Tennessee, and Pennsylvania: "For the first few weeks all entered into the new system with a will. Service was the order of the day. Men who seldom or never before laboured with their hands devoted themselves to agriculture and the mechanic arts with a zeal which was at least commendable, though not always according to knowledge. Ministers of the gospel guided the plough, called the swine to their corn, instead of sinners to repentance, and let patience have her perfect work over an unruly yoke of oxen. Merchants exchanged the yard-stick for the rake or pitchfork. All appeared to labour cheerfully for the common weal. Among women there was even more apparent self-sacrifice. Ladies, who had seldom seen the inside of their own kitchens, went into that of the common eating-house, and made themselves useful among pots and kettles; and refined young ladies, who had all their lives been waited upon, took their turn in waiting upon others at the table. And several times a week all parties who chose mingled in the social dance in the great dining-hall.

"But notwithstanding the apparent heartiness and cordiality of this auspicious opening, it was in the social atmosphere of the community that the first cloud arose. Self-love was a spirit which could not be exorcised. It whispered to the lowly maidens, whose former position in society had cultivated the spirit of meekness, 'You are as good as the formerly rich and fortunate; insist upon your equality.' It reminded the favourites of former society of their lost superiority, and, in spite of all rules, tintured their words and actions with the love of self. Similar thoughts and feelings soon arose among the men. . . It is unnecessary to descend to details; suffice it to say that at the end of three months—*three months!*—the leading minds in the community were compelled to acknowledge to each other that the social life of the community could not be bounded by a single circle. They therefore acquiesced, but reluctantly, in its division into many little circles. Still they hoped, and many of them no doubt believed, that though social equality was a failure, community of property was not. But whether the law of *mine and thine* is natural or incidental in human character, it soon began to develop its sway. The industrious, the skilful, and the strong saw the products of their labour enjoyed by the indolent, the unskilled, and the improvident, and self-love rose against benevolence. . . . For a while, of course, these jealousies were only felt, but they soon began to be spoken also. It was useless to remind all parties that the common labour of all ministered to the prosperity of the community. *Individual* happiness was the law of

nature, and it could not be obliterated; and before a single year had passed this law had scattered the members of that society, which had come together so earnestly and under such favourable circumstances, back into the selfish world from which they came.

. . . "They admitted the favourable circumstances which surrounded its commencement, the intelligence, devotion, and earnestness which were brought to the cause by its projectors, and its final, total failure. And they rested ever after in the belief that man, though disposed to philanthropy, is essentially selfish, and that a community of social equality and common property is impossible."

Ex uno omnes disce. Well begun—sadly ended, is the epitaph for every one of the Owenite settlements in North America.

Massachusetts has been called "the great mother of notions," and among the large progeny of "isms" to which she gave birth was Socialism. Several Communistic experiments took rise on her soil. Of Brook Farm we shall have occasion to speak farther on, but one or two anticipatory experiments to Fourierism we must mention in this place.

Hopedale was founded by the Rev. Adin Ballow, and owed its origin to the religious impulse of Universalism. It was intended to be a "miniature Christian Republic," and its object was to harmonise individual freedom with social co-operation. It was intended to expand into a grand confederation of similar communities, "a world ultimately regenerated and Edenized." Mr. Ballow was first President, but was superseded by a more business-like organiser, E. A. Draper, who managed, by degrees, to buy up three-fourths of the joint-stock, and had legal control over the property. Things went on unsatisfactorily; loans were incurred, and capital sunk in unprofitable enterprise. Draper paid the debts of the society, and, we presume, became owner of the property. The Hopedale experiment terminated in a failure. Another and similar Yankee attempt and forerunner of Fourierism was the North Hampton Association. It was established with the usual flourish of trumpets by a small but enlightened set of religious Nothingarians. Labour was to be remunerated equally, both sexes and all occupations receiving the same compensation. A community family and a common table were instituted for those who preferred it, a "Preamble and Articles of Association" was adopted in 1843, tending towards consolidation and Communism, and a department of education was organised, in which it was designed to unite study with labour, so as to encourage both physical and mental development. In the course of the third year, people interested in the subject of social reform were solicited to subscribe to a loan of 25,000 dols., to support the society in its struggles. This appeal was not responded to, and pecuniary difficulties set in accordingly, which produced disunion and distrust, aggravated by religious discussions in the community, and so hastened its downfall.

The excitement produced by the anti-slavery movement came to its climax in 1843, and served as a powerful feeder of the Socialistic fervour which the writings of Fourier, as interpreted by Albert Brisbane, were producing in the United States. John A. Collins, an active Abolitionist, became the founder of the Skaneateles Community. Avoiding some of the dangers which had proved fatal to similar communities, they took care not to introduce the "gaseous

class of mind," and looked out for men of "stability of character, industrious habits, physical energy, moral strength, mental force, and benevolent feelings," as indispensable characteristics of the "valuable Communist." They recognised that at first there should be as few non-producers as possible, single men and women and small families, and accordingly the experiment did not fail through pecuniary embarrassment. On the contrary, when the community had reached the third year of its foundation the value of its property had been doubled. Nevertheless it was dissolved, partly because its two chief leaders could not agree, and partly because the freedom and enjoyment of home-life was constantly spoiled by the over-virtuous desire of every member to be an example of abstemiousness to his neighbour; it became a most uncomfortable community where everybody, by precept and example, wished to prevail on everybody else to adopt his own mode of life as the best, and so in less than three years the community was dissolved.

These settlements were, so to speak, the prelude to the introduction of the Fourierist Phalanx. They had their own independent theory of social architecture, but obeyed the common impulse to social reform, produced by the spread of Fourier literature, aided by the religious and political excitement of the period.

The "New York Tribune" opened its columns to the propounders of Fourierist theories. Horace Greeley, its chief editor, became a warm supporter of the Socialist propaganda. From March, 1842, to May, 1843, Brisbane was engaged in beating the drum, and the consequence was that in the summer of 1843 "phalanxes by the dozen were on the march for the new world of wealth and harmony." Western New York responded most vigorously to the call, and great successes were reported from what has been called the "Volcanic District." A practical attempt was made to organise a *confederation* of associations. A league was formed, called the "American Industrial Union," and several Phalanxes were established on Fourierist principles.

The first of these was the Sylvania Association. There was no lack in enthusiasm at the starting of it, nor absence of talent in the promotion of its interests. Warm friends of the cause in New York and Albany procured a favourable site in Pennsylvania, with 23,000 acres of arable land; temporary buildings were erected for the 150 settlers who took possession of it, and who appeared contented and happy in their new domain, and gratified with the novel modes of life. But presently jealousies crept in, discipline was disregarded, the working community was found to be deficient in intelligence, idleness and greediness told unfavourably on the resources of the association, and all engaged in it incurred loss. The capital expended on the experiment was estimated at 14,000 dollars; the result obtained, *nil*. A speedy dissolution followed.

A similar story might be told of a good many other associations of the same sort, all ending in general disappointment, the causes assigned being the acquisition of unfavourable sites or insufficient training for such experiments of those engaged in them, more often the want of harmony among the members. To give a short history of them would occupy more room than we can afford, and would only weary the reader by endless repetition. We will conclude our account of North American experiments with a comparative

view of the famous trio of Fourierist associations, the Wisconsin Phalanx, the North American Phalanx, and Brook Farm.

The first of these was founded by the zeal of many leading citizens of Racine County; it was not burdened with a debt, and its organisation according to groups and series as recommended in Fourier's system appears to have worked admirably at first. Only members of promising character, physique, and means were admitted to the association; and in it the principles of Christianity were recognised as a means for the elevation of individual character, and a harmonising influence in society. The development of mind by the refining process of education was attended to with care, and for a time the industrial association prospered, so much so that at the division of property when it was finally dissolved a premium was paid on its stock, instead of sustaining loss as in other similar experiments. What then was the cause of its dissolution?

Selfishness it was feared from the first would become the principal obstacle of progress; and so it proved in the end. Many members had accumulated private property; the prosperous condition of the society, as in the case of some friendly societies in the present day, led to a general desire to divide the profits. Differences of opinion as to the future policy of the community furnished another pretext for a speedy dissolution, and so the experiment was abandoned because "its leading minds became satisfied that under existing circumstances no important progress could be made, rather than from a want of faith in the ultimate practicability of association." It was a deliberate suicide. The attempt had been highly successful from a pecuniary point of view. Its success became the cause of its failure as a society.

A still more successful undertaking was the North American. It was the test-experiment, as its proud name implies. Horace Greeley was Vice-president of the society, and being situated near New York, and under excellent management, it was intended to be the model Phalanx, and actually surpassed the rest in success and longevity. Literature and the press had paved the way, persons of importance, impressed by the sublime promises of Fourier and the vista of potentialities in social improvement held out by his interpreters, formed themselves in a body under the name of "The Albany Branch of the North American Phalanx," and began the work of the association with an aggregate subscription capital of 8,000 dollars. The framing of the constitution proved a great difficulty at first, which caused much labour and anxiety. A controversy arose whether the association was to be a joint-stock co-operation, or a Phalansterian or serial organisation. The latter was finally adopted. A graduated hierarchy of orders was appointed for the purposes of administration, although the principle of personal liberty was recognised as indispensable for the purpose of encouraging full individual development. In fact, progressive development of man and society was one of the chief articles of belief of the association. Their immediate duty they conceived to consist in establishing true social relations, and harmony in association to enable the labourer to acquire the means of comfort, education, and refinement, and a distribution of property on the basis of religious justice.

For this purpose the association was started with the capital subscribed by the promoters, and seventy-seven persons, including women and children, formed its entire population in 1844. Eight years later it

had risen to 112, and its property was now estimated at 80,000 dollars, *i.e.*, ten times the amount originally subscribed.

No wonder that the review of their past success inspired the promoters with pride and confidence. They claimed to have paved the way for the final unification of society, by practically carrying into effect Fourier's formula, "Equitable distribution of profits." They claimed to have fairly "closed the first cycle of our societary life efforts," and to have "laid the germ of living institutions, of the co-operations which have perpetual life . . . which only need a healthy development to change without injustice, to absorb without violence, the discords of existing society, and to unfold, as naturally as the chrysalis unfolds, into a form of beauty, a new and higher order of human society."

All they required was larger means, to extend the work so fairly begun, and additional numbers of people *who were willing to work for an idea.*

A picture is drawn of the "enchanted domains" of the interesting society in 1845, when it was visited by some of its New York patrons, which leaves no room for doubt as to the unsurpassed prosperity and capacity for refined enjoyment among the members of the Phalanx. But the skeleton in the household was discovered here, too; for too soon want of sufficient working capital hampered progressive development; grumbling was heard among the members on account of insufficiency of reward for labour rendered; the wages question, if we may so call the dispute, led to secession of some, who formed a society of their own, less Communistic in its tendencies; religious dissensions, occasioned or fomented by emissaries from without—these and similar causes undermined the harmonious well-being of the society. The people who would work for an idea could not be found in sufficient numbers to develop the resources of the land. The character of those already located in the settlement had begun to deteriorate, culture and education were neglected, the desire for animal gratification increased in proportion, the society got heavily into debt, a destructive fire consumed a considerable amount of its property and hastened on its dissolution. "Each for himself," became the common cry, and after the experiment had been tried for little more than twelve years, like the rest, it too, promising above measure as it had been at one time, came to an inglorious end.

Hawthorne, Dr. Channing, and Theodore Parker are mentioned in Emerson's "Reminiscences of Brook Farm" as the most distinguished members of that small literary band of socialistic transcendentalists, who, after the manner of Ruskin's Society of St. George, engaged in a tentative system of social regeneration in the parcel of land called "Brook Farm." They established a sort of joint-stock community, which afterwards was converted into a Fourierist Association. Some of the social idealists, like Hawthorne, who first took an interest in it, after a time abandoned the enterprise as impractical; others, carried away by the Fourierist enthusiasm of the time, helped in turning it into a Fourierist Phalanx, according to the law of groups and series, as the basis of the new industrial organisation. The society was divided into three primary departments of labour—agricultural, domestic, and mechanical—and great expectations were entertained as to its future success.

In the National Convention of Associationists, which assembled at Clinton Hall, New York on

April 4th, 1844, speakers compared the prospects of association to the tokens of approaching land which cheered the drooping spirits of the crew of Columbus. The friends from Brook Farm were the birds, and those from other places the flowers that floated on the waves. A representative from Brook Farm, Mr. Dana, spoke of the favourable results, after a few years' trial there, of the association principle, such as the abolition of domestic servitude, and the raising of manual labour to "its just rank and dignity in the scale of human occupations." Referring to the disputes between capital and labour outside, and comparing it with the just distribution of work and wages in Brook Farm, the speaker went on to say:

"We have established a true relation between labour and the people, whereby the labour is done not entirely for the benefit of the capitalist, as it is in civilised society, but for the mutual benefit of the labourer and the capitalist. We are able to distribute the results and advantages which accrue from labour in a joint ratio.

"These, then, very briefly and imperfectly stated, are the practical, actual results attained. In the first place, we have abolished domestic servitude; in the second place, we have secured thorough education for all; and in the third place, we have established justice to the labourer and ennobled industry. . . . we have by actual facts, by practical demonstration, proven this, *viz.*, that harmonious relations, relations of love, and not of selfishness and mutual conflict, relations of truth, and not of falsehood, relations of justice, and not of injustice, are possible between man and man."

It was hoped that Brook Farm would form the nucleus of fraternal co-operation throughout North America, and was destined thence to spread far and wide, and so bring about "the final establishment of happiness and peace among the nations of the earth."

The "Brook Farm Association for Education and Industry" changed now its name, and became the "Brook Farm Phalanx," starting with a new constitution in 1845, and serving as the virtual centre of the Fourierist propaganda, and the head-quarters of the American Union of Associationists, having for its motto—

"Unity of man with man in true society;

"Unity of man with God in true religion;

"Unity of man with nature in creative art and industry."

The programme published on this occasion concludes thus: "We are sure to conquer. God will work with us; humanity will welcome our work of glad tidings. The future is ours. On! in the name of the Lord."

Emissaries went forth to establish affiliated societies. Meetings were held to persuade the public. The "Harbinger," as the organ of the new society, became a vigorous exponent of the new views; but within a year from the time when it announced this task of propagating Fourierism, a disastrous fire prostrated the energies and hopes of the association. Still, there was as yet no interruption of the internal harmony, and the "Harbinger" still speaks cheerfully of the brotherly love and devotion to the cause prevailing among the members. Shortly after this, however, signs of rapid decay set in immediately, and death followed a year later, and with it the extinction of Fourierism in America. "The gift of tongues" among its original promoters and their

literary spiritualistic tendency, which began in religious transcendentalism, and ended finally in Swedenborgianism, and the verbal controversies and impractical sentimentalism to which they gave rise, are said to have been among the reasons of this most conspicuous failure in the latest form of Utopian experiment.

There are other minor associations, such as the Brocton Community, near Lake Erie, which combined Spiritualism and Socialism, which might be described, but our limited space forbids us from further details. The result in all these cases is the same. After a flourish of trumpets and a few years' trial they came to a speedy end. "It crowded cheerily in its time," says the historian of American Socialisms of one of them, and then he describes its premature decay. The epitaph of another runs like this, and is applicable to all: "It effected but little, and was of brief duration. No further particulars." It is the same story throughout slightly diversified. Lack of faith in the experiment, a want of funds and the proper spirit in the members of the association, disharmony and distrust, quarrels over title-deeds, and suspicion of the "money-bags" (*i.e.*, the contributions of the capital), indolence, and ignorance as to the principles of association, bad selection of the soil for pioneering purposes, and want of good management after it was got, the self-seeking of the managers, in some cases, following out their own private interest, and neglecting or disregarding that of the association, the standing danger of returning to the "flesh-pots of Egypt" (*i.e.*, the ordinary modes of industry after the accumulation of property and profit), faulty distribution and unforeseen disasters—these are some of the main causes of failure and the inherent disintegrating infirmities of such societies.

If such be the result of the most promising associations in the most favourable soil of North America, with its wealth of territory and popular enlightenment, with its peculiar constitution and mode of government, encouraging the spirit of free association according to the national motto, "*E pluribus unum*," what may be expected of similar experiments in the Old World, with its land-famines and over-populated districts, and the many corrupting social influences which are not yet prevalent in the New World? If the attempt to establish complete harmony in confederation and combined effort on a new basis failed in the presence of so much religious and moral enthusiasm under the most favourable circumstances, are we not entitled to say that the logic of facts has pronounced an unfavourable verdict upon such and similar Utopias?

It has been said that Fourier's system never had a fair chance in America, that his experimenters and followers did not understand fully or carry out faithfully his principles, and that, therefore, he is not responsible for their failure. In answer to this we reply that, as far as they were able, they followed out his magnificent theory, and if their pioneerings ended in discomfiture and despair, the attempted verification of the theory, as far as it goes, is unfavourable to Fourier's hypothesis as to the forces and capabilities of human nature, and the resisting forms of life founded on it. Proceeding inductively with the foregoing facts before us, we cannot help coming to any other conclusion but this, that whilst the principle of association itself deserves our most anxious consideration in speculating on any possible improved system of society in the future, the application of this prin-

ciple, according to Owen, Fourier, and Cabet, has proved a decided failure, as a tentative effort in the wrong direction, a premature anticipating by many stages the moral and social development of humanity, founded on a hasty and erroneous generalisation in sociological science.

HUSBAND'S LIABILITY FOR WIFE'S DEBTS.

IN a New Zealand paper we find the report of a decision at Dunedin, which is stated to be "important to traders," but which we quote as a curious instance of British law ruling in islands at the Antipodes, where nothing but club law existed a century ago. The famous New Zealander who is to visit London in future ages would feel at home in our law courts, if they have not shared the ruin of London Bridge and St. Paul's. Here is the report: "A decision, important to traders, was given by Mr. Bathgate, R.M., to-day. The plaintiff in the case sued to recover £18 4s. for goods supplied to the defendant's wife from January to October, 1878. The accounts were rendered quarterly to the defendant's wife. He himself had never authorised his wife to purchase the goods, and did not know anything about the account till January, 1879. He made her a regular dress allowance for the express purpose of relieving her from the necessity of obtaining drapery goods on credit. He therefore contended that he was not liable. In the present case the account was incurred by the wife without her husband's authority and against his will, he having supplied her with a sufficient allowance. There was, therefore, revocation of any authority she might have had to purchase drapery goods on credit as his agent. I am of opinion (said Mr. Bathgate) that, in the circumstances, the plaintiff cannot recover. This may be deemed a hardship to plaintiff, but it was in his power to inform the defendant of the currency of the account, by rendering the account to him instead of to the wife. It is sound policy that the law should place some limit on the facilities afforded in the way of credit, whereby a man might be ruined without his knowledge by a thoughtless or extravagant wife. This decision does not impeach the principle that a husband is liable for necessities,—the fact of the defendant having allowed his wife a sufficient sum for the wants of herself and family protects him from liability. The plaintiff will be nonsuited."

This decision may have more novelty in some of our colonies than at home, but it happened strangely that the very day we received the New Zealand paper the law reports gave a similar decision at the last Assizes at Lewes.

Mr. Justice Grove, in summing up the case, said that it involved a question of considerable importance, not only as regarded the liability of husbands for articles supplied by tradesmen to their wives, but also to the public in general. Some tradesmen seemed to be under the impression that when a married woman went to their shops they might supply her with anything she chose to ask for, because they believed that her husband would pay for them under fear of exposure or for some other reason. He was bound to tell them that this was not the law. Under certain circumstances, and for articles that were necessities, a wife was regarded as the agent of her husband; but this did not apply to the case where articles were obtained of an extravagant character,

and a tradesman could not recover the price of such articles if he had reason to believe that the wife had no authority from her husband to purchase such articles, or that the husband had prohibited the tradesmen from supplying them. His lordship then referred to the facts, and said that if the jury believed that the defendant had prohibited his wife from dealing with the plaintiff (a milliner), and she (the plaintiff) was aware of that prohibition, she could not recover in the present action.

Varieties.

SHEFFIELD.—The following errors have been pointed out to us in the article on Sheffield in the August Part. In the list of educational institutions, the People's College should be omitted, as it has lately ceased to exist. The Rammoor Almshouses are stated to be the gift of the late Mr. Mark Firth. Mr. Firth is still living in the improved form of Mr. Alderman Firth, referred to on page 555. He has just built Firth College, at a cost of £20,000, but it is scarcely yet completed. At the last census the population was 239,946. The present estimate is nearly 300,000. In the list of parks Hyde Park should be omitted, as it is not a park in the same sense as Weston and Firth Parks. It is private property, and is chiefly used for pigeon shooting, rabbit coursing, and other degrading amusements. The Botanical Gardens belong to a company, and only those who pay a certain yearly subscription are entitled to frequent them, except in the case of visitors residing more than seven miles from the town, who are admitted free on presenting a recommendation from a proprietor. There are three or four galas held during each year, when the gardens are open to all upon payment of a small charge. Western Park and Museum should be Weston.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.—We have received a note of explanation from the Rev. J. Curwen relative to a paragraph in our Varieties for July 5th, p. 432. We regret that we quoted the statement from a contemporary—the "Echo"—as it makes Mr. Curwen appear to have acted harshly, whereas the very opposite is the case.

The simple facts are these. The Sunday School Choir printed, without permission, some 7,000 copies of "The Comrades' Song of Hope." This piece is not an "old French song," but the work of a living French composer, M. Adam. The French words are military and warlike. The "Comrades' Song of Hope" is an original poem by Mr. J. S. Stallybrass, written at my request for the song, and paid for by me at the time. It is entirely different in spirit from the French words, and has proved very popular. When the trespass came under my notice I wrote to the choir, and the reason I asked them how many copies they had sold, and whether they were still selling them, was to enable me to show them what a serious injustice they had done me. They replied very courteously, expressing their "annoyance" and "regret" that the piece had inadvertently appeared. I named £2 as a nominal acknowledgment of the trespass, and the secretary in sending it said, "I thank you in the name of the committee for the lenient manner in which you have treated us." All through the conduct of my public work I have avoided even the suspicion of hard dealing or mere money getting, and the appearance of such a paragraph in a publication such as the "Leisure Hour" is very distressing to me, as the impression which it conveys is erroneous. I at once consented to allow the choir to sell off the remaining copies of the piece. Had I allowed the affair to pass unnoticed the piece would have been regarded as common property, and copied from one book into another until I had lost all control of it. I was bound to act in self-defence.—J. C.

QUEER RELIGION.—They have a queer sort of a church in a beautiful village called Florence, near Northampton, U.S. It is a free debating society rather than a religious institution, and it has just made a deliverance of its opinions on matters and things in general. This is one of them: "How much better for mankind if all the time and thought which have been given to useless ceremonies and speculation about a world of which we know nothing had been spent in learning the best means of drawing out the resources of the earth; of multiplying the comforts and lessening the ills of life, finding out the best way to reclaim swamps, subdue wild land, and bring the soil up to its

highest fertility, and above all, to learn the laws of our own being, the cause, cure, and prevention of disease, and how to cultivate those moral and humane sentiments which civilise and ennoble mankind." The "New York Express" very aptly remarks on this sagacious stuff: "Christian nations have done more to draw out 'the resources of the earth, and multiply the comforts and lessen the ills of life, to reclaim swamps, subdue wild land, and bring the soil up to its highest fertility,' than all the others." Of the many kinds of "cant," none is more offensive than the cant of secularism.

CHINESE GRATITUDE.—Mr. Walter Hillier, one of her Majesty's consular officers in China, and one of the best and most fluent foreign speakers of Chinese, on returning from a long tour in the famine districts, published a graphic report of the present state of the country. On the question of gratitude he writes, in a tone that shows how little the idea of disinterested beneficence has place in the minds of average Chinamen. It is the more necessary to bring to them the Christian religion, which teaches true and unselfish charity. "To any one," says Mr. Hillier, "who has had a long and varied experience of the character of the Chinese it is hardly necessary to say that gratitude is not one of their strongest features, and that thanks from them are so rare, that if an opinion had to be formed upon verbal expressions of appreciation, I am afraid I should have to say that all that was done was accepted as a matter of course. We must look to other indications of gratitude where Chinese are concerned. If we start with the supposition that in the eyes of every ignorant Chinaman a foreigner is a barbarian to be grinned at, hooted at, and yelled at—and this was the treatment I invariably received in Honan—a marked difference is to be observed in the attitude of the people of Shansi, who have been the recipients of foreign relief, showing that they have reached a higher appreciation of the foreigner. Even to myself, a 'barbarian' pure and simple, in the genuine barbarian dress, perfect civility was shown in and around P'ing-yang Fu, while to Messrs. Richard Hill and Scott, it appeared to me, the respect was very marked. The Chinaman, I venture to believe, is a sceptic in the matter of disinterested charity. He cannot grasp the idea that it is possible for a man to do a purely charitable act, and when the handling of much money is concerned the acceptance of the theory becomes still more difficult to him. That a number of persons whom he has never seen or heard of should spontaneously send him aid with no ulterior object or design is utterly beyond his comprehension; and when he has at last brought his mind to accept the fact that it is so, he has yet to swallow the still more difficult theory that the agents they employ for its distribution are men of absolute integrity, who are actuated by the noblest motives and are perfectly clean-handed. 'Squeezing,' as it is popularly called, in some shape or form, is so essentially bound up with Chinese life, public or private, that perfect honesty is a virtue which a Chinaman reads about but does not understand."

INDIAN EXPENDITURE AND THE SILVER BULLION QUESTION.

—In the debate on Indian currency and the value of silver, Mr. Cross, Member for Bolton, made some interesting statements as to the lessened absorption of specie and the causes of the diminution. For a long time India had been a great absorbing country. In four years of a period India had absorbed £210,000,000 of specie, but in the last eight years of that period she had only absorbed £50,000,000. India had lost her absorbing power, and the question then arose, What was the reason that India had ceased to absorb? It would be the natural thing to say at once that our exports must have fallen off in proportion to our imports. But this was not the case. Our exports had increased in proportion to our imports, yet in 1869 India absorbed £59,000,000 of bullion, whereas in 1877 India absorbed only £20,000,000 of bullion. They should try to find out why India could not absorb in the way she did a few years ago, and it was only when hon. members came to look into the finance accounts that they would find the reason clearly written. They would find there that the home charges were going on increasing year by year. In 1863 it required only 84,970,000 rupees to satisfy the indebtedness, but in 1879 it requires 189,000,000 rupees. This was a monstrous increase. It was perfectly impossible that India could stand it and keep above water, and it was necessary the country should look into this matter as soon as possible. What was the cause of it? That seemed to be the difficulty. India sends us a very large quantity of surplus profits. She sends us nearly £20,000,000 a year more than we send her in merchandise. India would take, had she her own way, her returns in silver, salt, and shirtings, but we force her to take all kinds of things that she does not want. We make her take expensive soldiers and still more expensive civilians, and we make her pay for absentee soldiers—for soldiers who

never go near her. He was not blaming any particular Government; he had shown that in 1868 the home payments amounted to a sum equal to 43½ per cent. of the land revenue, and that in 1879 they required a sum equal to the whole net land revenue. This showed an increase of annual charge upon India of 104,000,000 rupees in eleven years. The evidence of Indian officials showed how some of this increased charge arises. Men of great distinction were examined before the Indian Finance Committee in 1873, and they gave very telling evidence. In reply to a question, General Pears said: "Every regiment in India has its colonel—usually a general officer, not an effective officer with the regiment, but at home. We pay that, as he belongs to and is a member of a regiment which is serving in India." So that colonels did not appear to be with their regiments in India, but in London, though India had to pay for their services. Then as to the cost of recruits, General Pears said that under the Company it was £42 per head, whereas now it was £82 per head. The hon. member for Hackney asked the same witness the following question: "According to the figures you have just given, one-fourth of all the officers belonging to the Indian Army, for whom India is paying, are in England?" The reply was, "Yes; I think that would not be very far from the mark." On the same subject Sir John Strachey, an Indian official whose opinions were entitled to great weight, had ended a strong protest against the existing system by urging that it was the duty of the Government of India, by economising, to provide for the charges that became due on account of military services in the country.

ASIA MINOR.—We lately published a statement by Professor James Bryce as to Turkish tyranny and misrule in Armenia. Mr. G. Barkley says that from private letters he knows things are getting worse and worse: "The 'organised brigandage' of the officials is more openly and shamelessly carried on than ever before, and unofficial brigandage is now common where, a few months ago, it was almost unknown. Doubtless the people are docile and long-suffering to a remarkable extent; but they are capable of and liable to outbursts of passion that deprive them not only of prudence, but almost of reason. Conversations with men of all classes, soldiers and civilians, in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and Armenia, make me believe that the temper of the people is strained to such a degree that any trifling cause might plunge the country into anarchy."

CROWS' COURTS.—An eye-witness sends the following note from Paisley:—"Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th June, a number of crows (about twenty or thirty) were observed coming over the north part of the town, and flying in a very excited manner. On their approaching, it was noticed that they were all taking turn about of attacking one, which seemed very much exhausted. In trying to get out of their reach, it struck against a chimney, and fell to the ground, upon which they all flew down, and, without alighting, gave it another dab, which killed it. After sitting for a minute on a house close by, looking at it, they flew away in the direction in which they had come, seemingly quite satisfied. When the dead crow was picked up, the head was found to be covered with wounds, and a great many of its feathers pulled out. The execution was witnessed by about 100 persons. On the same day, in the opposite part of the town, another encounter, by a like number of crows, was seen, where the unfortunate victim was also killed in the same way as the other. Both crows appeared to belong to the common kind. The cases of killing single crows, which have been mentioned in your papers, have all taken place during the pairing season, and had an apparent reason; but the destroying of their own kind, and after the young ones had come to maturity, seems quite unaccountable, except on some principle of revenge or justice or other motive.—D. K. P."

SIR BARTLE FRERE AND THE ZULU WAR.—In a speech at Cape Town, June 17th, Sir Bartle Frere gave the following defence of his policy in bringing on the Zulu War: "When I went to Natal I found great difference of opinion as to the state of affairs in existence. There were prophets of evil, and men who prophesied smooth things, but I felt convinced that they were all living on the brink of a volcano. Every part of the country seemed in imminent danger of a horrible war, owing to a rising of the native races. It has been said that my conclusions were hastily formed, but I would ask those who have studied the Zulu character and history whether their conviction has not been for years past that the position of the Natal colonists was that of extreme peril. I have heard the same opinion expressed by people from Canada and Australia, who gave it as their reason for objecting to Natal as a field for emigration. What I saw there convinced me of what I had

long before been told, viz., that the condition of our fellow-colonists was based on an extremely hazardous foundation. Everything I saw and heard pointed to the same conclusion, that throughout the whole of South Africa a movement originating with the Zulus had stirred to the hearts the whole of the native population. All they wanted was some movement to bring about the supremacy of the black races and the expulsion of the Europeans. Our measures were strictly directed to defence, and it appears to us quite impossible to defend the Natal border with the forces in the colony. It was only by carrying the war at once into the enemy's country, by posting columns within the enemy's borders, by meeting them on their own ground, that they could prevent an invasion. This is my justification for the act which you have been pleased to-day to confirm. I feel convinced that when our countrymen at home, even including the critics, come to look at this business in the light of history, they will say that we did no more than was necessary for the safety of the colony. Perhaps the verdict will not come in my time. All history points to similar cases of men who have done their best and who have received justice only long after they were dead. This is what has sustained me in what has passed. I do not judge from mere surmise, but from the acts of Cetewayo himself for the last eighteen months. He had repeatedly stated that his power was founded in blood, and that it was necessary for the maintenance of that power that he should be unrestrained in his ability to slay his subjects. He had asked for leave to wash spears in white men's blood, and I knew it was impossible for him to do so without killing British subjects, and those who had allied themselves with us for protection. I thought no risk too great as compared with the paramount duty of doing my best to protect her Majesty's subjects.

WET SEASONS.—The following extracts from the "Diary" of Pepsys for the year 1663 may have some interest for those who are calculating cycles and making forecasts, or they may show the despondent that the country has emerged from similar atmospheric disturbances such as those with which we have been this year afflicted:—

"July 1.—This morning it rained so hard, though it was fair yesterday, and we are therefore in hopes of having some fair weather, which we have wanted these three months.

"July 7.—In Mr. Pett's garden I eat some of the first cherries I have eat this year.

"July 8.—I hear not what will become of the corn this year, we having had but two fair days these many months.

"July 21.—This day the Parliament kept a fast for the present unseasonable weather.

"August 28.—Cold all night and this morning, and a very great frost, they say, abroad, which is much, having had no summer at all almost."

Evelyn, in his "Diary" of the same year, only mentions the subject once. Under date of July 16, he says:—"A most extraordinary wet and cold season."

DARIEN RAILWAY SCHEME.—Captain James B. Eads, who is constructing the jetties to deepen the channel at the mouth of the Mississippi river, has written a letter to the "New York Tribune," in which he proposes to substitute for the contemplated ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien a railway by which the largest vessels may be conveyed across. This project he claims to be entirely practicable, and says it would cost considerably less than the canal, and might be completed in three or four years. Captain Eads says that for a sum not exceeding one-third of the estimated cost of the canal (or about 50,000,000 dollars) a railway can be constructed by which the largest ships entering the port of New York can be transferred, when fully loaded, with absolute safety across the Isthmus within twenty-four hours. Such a railway would not require steeper grades than are in use on our chief lines; and the roadbed need not be over 40 feet wide, nor have more than eight or ten rails laid upon it to sustain the cradle upon which the ship is placed. The ship could be raised by a lock and the usual hydraulic methods, and he suggests two methods that are practicable, and with precautions to prevent straining. He recommends turntables instead of curves in the railway where changes of direction are necessary. The car, or eradle, to carry the ship should be built in sections, each about 100 feet long, and each section supported by about 200 wheels, some of them driving wheels moved by engines. The weight of the largest merchant steamers and their cargoes would not exceed 10,000 tons. Such a vessel Captain Eads would place on five of these sections, supported by 1,000 wheels bearing on eight or ten rails, so that each wheel would support about twelve tons. He thinks his plan entirely practicable, and urges it very strongly.

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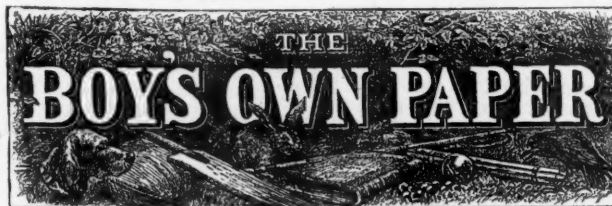
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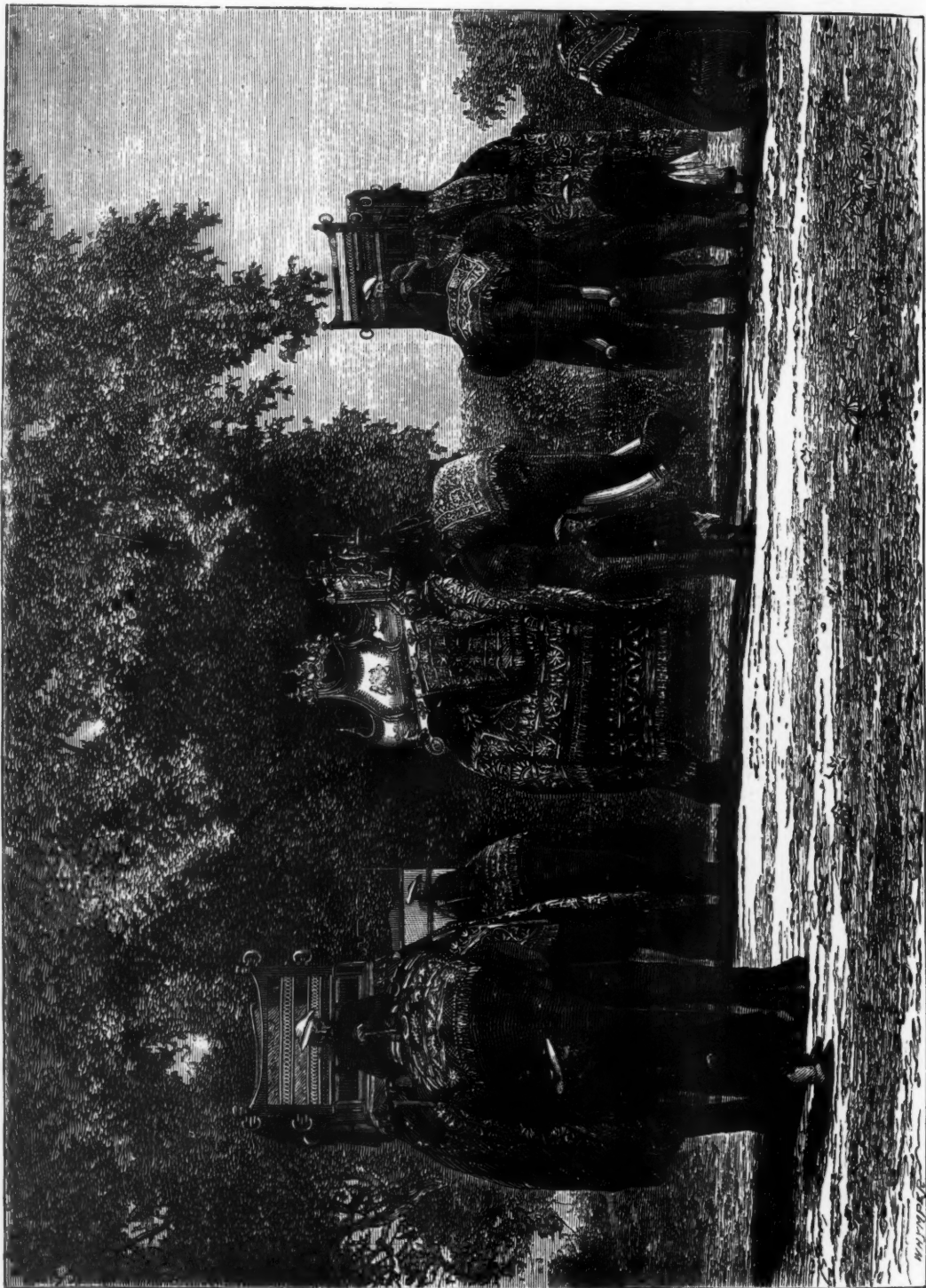
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